



The Anthology

Volume 2017

Article 30

April 2017

Hypnosis

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Recommended Citation

Mlay, Keelie (2017) "Hypnosis," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2017 , Article 30.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2017/iss1/30>

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HYPNOSIS

KEELIE MLAY

Picture cars like Christmas lights
strung out and winding, bright
against blue-black bruised sky.
You feel the rumble of the rock-a-by highway.
Windows shield you from the cold.
A Cheshire grin cloaked in clouds glows.
As you breathe in, feel the dull roar of tired road
begging you to sleep.
As you take a split second trip to the concrete un-
der-world
Where bridge-trolls and tunnel-rats play in the dark
without breath, or sound, or light,
Only darkness and silence.
You exhale as the sun shrinks back behind you.
Even the static sound of the speakers can't make you
stay awake.
The right hand that holds your left sees
signs you can no longer read,
Pulling you under under the star-sprinkled sky,
Safe in a seatbelt and a borrowed coat.
Behind your heavy head rests his heavy arm,
Silent and still and warm.

Three.

Two.

One.

Sleep.